THE

French Kings Lamentation

FOR THE

Loss of His FLEET.

1. June. 1692.

HEnce, hence, ye *Slaves*, do not my *Wrath provoke*;
And of my *Loss at Sea* no longer *Croke*;
If *one of you* I hear such *nonsence Preaching*,
By *Heaven* on Trees I'll *Hang you all a Bleaching*;
Did ever a *Crown'd Head*, like me before,
Send such a *Fleet* upon the *English Shore*?
And dare the *Herring-Busses* of the *Dutch*,
Or *English Mackrel Boats* my *Navy* Touch?
They dare as well, with their *Sails* spreading full,
Attempt to *Land* on *Shore* of *Great Mogul*.
But ah! Too soon I find the *News is True*;
My Fleet, I thought invincible, *Morblein*,
Burnt, *Sunk*, *Blown up*, *Disabled*, *Tatter'd*, *Lost*;
And all my *Great Designs* on *English*, *crost*:
What *Curs'ed Monsters*, *Oh ye Gods*! are these,
That durst with me *Dispute* the *Narrow Seas*?
Beer Drinking Rogues, *Tarpaulins*, *English*, *Dutch*;
And could the Fates allow Success to such?
Had they been Men, they would have been more civil;
They were not *Mortals*, no, they were the *Devil*.
My Royal *Sun*, the best of all *my Ships*,
Has now endur'd a Fatal sad *Eclipse*;
My Conquerant, and *Admirable* too,
By *English Cannon* Shot quite *Through* and *Through*,
And afterwards by *sawcy Fireships* Aid,
To *grinning Slaves*, two great *Sea-Bonfires* made;
Then Fifteen more Burnt in the *Cape la Hogue*,
To please the Humour of an *English* Rogue;

The

Tho that a *King* was *Mad* I ne're did know,
These Losses are enough to make me so.
Oh! thou great Contradiction to my Will,
Thou Cowardly poor Spirited *Tourville*,
Couldst thou no better for Advantage Turn?
But idly stand and see thy *Vessel* Burn;
Had *I* been there, *I* had not been afraid
T'ave call'd the very *Devils* to *my Aid*,
Nor would a thousand of those *Gloomy Spirits*,
Have fail'd to wait upon my *Justest Merits*;
I've serv'd them all my Life, which very true is,
And would *they at a pinch* Desert great *Lewis*?
Curst be the time, and doubly curst the hour,
When *James* took Shelter underneath *my Power*;
His *Cause* has been as fatal to *my Throne*,
As *my Advice* to His, was too well known;
Cruel is Fate to *Me* and to *My Brother*,
Who have, like Gamesters, ruin'd one another,
We both of us are now in *Doleful Dumps*,
He Won no Game, and I have lost my Trumps.
What shall I do, or whether shall *I* turn?
My Mind with *rage* does like my *Vessels* burn;
I must, *I* will another *Fleet* Equip,
Yet where's *my Timber* for to build a Ship?
The *English Oak* so plenteous on *my Shores*,
Is all *Destroy'd by* English *Sons of Whores*;
Yet had *I* now a Fleet both large and stout,
Where shall I Sailers find to Man it out?
My Treasure's all Exhausted by the War;
And if the Money's gone, *you lose the Tar*;
What shall *I* do, since now *my Fleet* is *Bang'd*,
I'll Drown my self, for fear of being Hang'd.

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